

Folklore Tales of Old Hawaii.

By Frederick J. Haskin.

HONOLULU—Hawaii, abounds in folk-lore and weird legends. The land is believed to swarm with gnomes and fairies, and the water with nymphs and monsters. The simple-minded native whose grandfather would have backed away from a pair of pants like a mustang shying at new harness, tells us that the god of the air carries around the wind in a calabash. He solemnly relates that an immense bird once laid an egg in the ocean, when in time was hatched by the tropic winds, and thus the Hawaiian Islands were created.

One of the prettiest legends is that of the Coconut tree. The story goes that a beautiful princess was very much beloved by one of the chiefs who was a noted athlete. He tried to please her in every way, swimming the lakes and bringing her rare flowers and choice fruits from the other side of the island, but she would not listen to his suit. He found her not worth living without her, and expired from the pain of his unrequited affection. Before he died he said to the princess, "The time will surely come when you will kiss me of your own free will."

Years afterward, while the princess was walking one day by the beach, her attention was attracted to a beautiful towering tree of a new and strange variety. Its tufted head nodded proudly in the wind and her eager gaze was centered upon its delicious fruit. An attendant procured one of the great green nuts for her, and as she was in the act of raising it to her lips, to drink the milk, she heard a voice say "Do you embrace me with your own free will?" The spirit of the prince had taken the form of the coconut tree.

The Valley of Rain.

Another legend concerns the fair valley of Manoa, the place of daily rain. It was here, in the long ago, that a lovely princess was murdered by her lover because he thought she had betrayed him to a god. The maiden was really innocent of the charge and rather than take revenge for her murder the gods decreed that a gentle rain should fall daily in the place where she had died. The sparkling drops of moisture representing the tears of the angels and the graces of the departed maiden. This valley is one of the most fertile in the region of Honolulu, an owing to the fact that the memory of the gentle princess is kept green by the constant fall of rain.

Still another story deals with the cause of the reverence which is shown the hog. This animal was not always a lowly beast content to root in the mud and forage for the sake of its appetite. It once had the power to command the possessions of kings and live upon the milk of the land. One bold ruler came to grief by sending his followers forth to give battle to the hog and destroy it. When approached the animal seemed docile enough and was led away an unresisting captive. When the god for the hog was really that in those old days—judged he had gone a proper distance, he suddenly turned and tore his captors to pieces. After this he was treated like a hero and for centuries was regarded as one of the country's greatest warriors. This yarn about the hog's prowess as a fighter, if it takes a notion, has been handed down to posterity as a warning to all persons to approach this much prized animal with caution.

Why the Volcano Cooled.

Another pretty legend is that concerning the fire goddess, who lived in a volcano. She was the most beautiful woman on the earth, and yet she kept alive the blazing hell that smoldered in the belly of the mountain, threatening the lives of all the inhabitants roundabout. One day she took a journey to a far-off mountain to rest herself. Soon after her arrival she was disturbed by the rumbling of a drum. She looked about and found that it was being beaten to keep time for a prince who was dancing the hula. She straightway took part in the gaiety by singing the refrain to words of her own composition.

The prince, naturally surprised and enchanted by the appearance of the beautiful singer. When the song

Full-Blood Hawaiian Girl.

Native Hut in Hawaii.

A Kakuma, or Native Doctor.



was ended he invited the fair stranger to the royal enclosure, offering her refreshments and food. After a short courtship they were married. After living happily together for some time the fire goddess informed the prince that she must return to her old home and attend to her duties, as the fires of the volcano had died down until there was nothing but little sparks left. She had never revealed to her husband that she was the fire goddess, though he instinctively felt that she was something more than an ordinary mortal. He was loth to have her depart and finally prevailed upon her to remain as his consort. That is why the heart of the volcano became cold and is no longer a menace to the safety of the people.

Power of Native Wizards.

No reference to the old order of things in Hawaii would be complete without mention of the kahuna, or native doctor. He was a sort of wizard or soothsayer, who was revered and feared by all the people. He was supposed to have the power of life and death, and it was accepted as a matter of fact that he could pray one's life away. Next to the voodoo priests of Hayti, the Hawaiian kahuna is the most mysterious individual of whom we have any account. They say it is not at all unusual for a man or woman to be prayed to death, and the explanation is the use of suggestion. When the idea of death becomes fully lodged in the mind of a patient the end is easy from the sheer force of imagination.

It has been charged that vegetable poisoning figure in these fatal praisings, but there seems to be no evidence to substantiate this claim. The reader may scoff at the idea of a man being able to pray a person to death, but one has only to see the baneful light in the kahuna's eyes to recognize the presence of some strange power. Once a person who was dancing the hula, who was sick, person, medicine can do him no good. There are those who assert that the beautiful Princess Kaiulani was a victim of the kahuna's power. It is certain that the house was surrounded by them at the time of her death.

When her mother died she, too, was strongly influenced by the belief that the kahuna were praying her life away. She remarked to one of her

white friends that it was no use for her to try to live against the influence of the native wizards. The white physicians tried to force medicine down

her throat, but she resisted with all her strength. She asserted that her time had come and that she was ready to go. This is not generally spoken



Hula Hula Dancing Girls.

of, but it is known to be true by many people in Honolulu.

Of course the kahuna do not have the same hold upon the people that they had in days gone by. The belief in them is a superstition which really belongs to the old generation. They are now regarded as doctors who practice without a license, and are treated accordingly. Sometimes an old inhabitant will insist upon being treated by a kahuna, but if the native doctor fails, a white physician is then called in. One of these soothsayers is easily distinguished on the streets of Honolulu by the scarlet handkerchief he wears around his neck. When indoors he is very gay in his dress, but on the street he only allows himself a trace of scarlet.

There is one venerable wizard that is said to be over 90 years of age, living in the hills near Honolulu, and who is noted for the wonderful power of his eye. He is filthy, ragged and unkempt, but the strange light in his eye holds the natives in awe and attracts many curious white people who want to see what he is like.

And now, leaving the legends and superstitions of the fair island behind, we come to what may be called Hawaii's skeleton in the closet. It is the Leper Settlement in the mountains of Molokai. It is located on a peninsula of some 5,000 acres in extent. It is surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and on the remaining side by a steep precipice about 1,500 feet in height. The settlement can only be approached by a small pathway, and two policemen are always on guard here to prevent anyone from entering.

Only a Few White Lepers.

About 140 lepers were sent here in 1885, and the number has increased from time to time until there are now about 1,000 persons in the community. Nine-tenths of the afflicted inmates of the place are either Chinese or natives, white people being rarely susceptible to the disease. Little is known of this dreaded malady. It is a curious but painless affliction, and the theory is that it can only be taken from contact. The first symptoms are generally little spots behind the ears.

One of its strangest features is that children born of leprosy parents are seldom afflicted. All children born at Molokai are carefully watched until they are 7 years of age, and if at that time they are found to be non-lepers they are taken to Honolulu and placed in an institution provided for them. These children are carefully sheltered and nurtured and almost invariably grow up to be useful citizens.

It seems horrible to be sent to an out of the way island for life, but it is said that few of those who have been committed to Molokai would care to leave. There are schools, churches, musical societies and a good bachelors' club. There is even a race track, where those of the lepers who own horses can indulge in speed contests. The lepers live in rows of pretty little houses and all may have their gardens and their little fields.

They are permitted to mingle with each other socially and may marry if they choose. The state pays for all expenses of living and charitably inclined persons supply many comforts, such as books, magazines, music and other luxuries. Once each year an entertainment is given by the society people of Honolulu and all the proceeds are devoted to providing comforts for the lepers. No Christmas or holiday is allowed to pass without sending gifts and goodies to the children on the island.

Heartrending Scenes at Parting.

To be committed to Molokai is really not such a great hardship upon any unmarried or unattached person, but when a husband or wife becomes afflicted the separation is of course, a terrible ordeal. It is worse than if they were sent to prison for life. Worse because the prisoner may be pardoned, but the leper has not the slightest hope of cure. One of the saddest sights in the world is when a steamer is departing with a new lot of lepers for Molokai. Husbands and wives are often ruthlessly torn from each other, and in most all instances those who are not afflicted beg for permission to enter the ship with their loved ones. There have been instances where a husband would develop into a leper and be sent to the island, leaving his wife and children with no means of support, and these cases are so pitiful that it seems the government should provide for all rather than see them suffer.

At intervals a ship is sent to Molokai upon which relatives and friends of the lepers may have free passage to pay a visit to the afflicted inmates. On the arrival of this boat at the island the visitors are escorted into an enclosure, which is guarded on every side by wires strung across the fence, but there must be no contact. These visits mean much to the afflicted ones and their friends.

Another sad feature of the island life is that all children born there must be taken away at the age of 7 years, unless they have become inoculated in the meantime. Imagine the anguish it must mean to a father and mother to look upon their children when they are little and realize that they will soon be taken away from them, and that although they may return at intervals to talk to them, they will never be permitted to touch them again. This is really the essence of tragedy.

Tragic End of One Case.

The sad case of one young wife who was sent to Molokai would cause the stoutest heart to bleed with pity. She had only been married a year and her first baby was about to be born, when it was discovered that she was in the first stage of leprosy. Of course the husband did everything within his power to save her from the island, but the law was stern and they took her away. The case was so extremely pitiful that the authorities agreed to break the rules for once and allow the husband to remain with his wife until after the birth of their child. The baby did not live a day, and the guard in making his rounds found the unfortunate couple entwined in each other's arms, both in the last long sleep of death. An empty medicine bottle at the bedside told the silent story of despair. Surely a merciful God will deal gently with souls so terribly tried as these!

How Athletics Affects the Home.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

FOOTBALL, baseball, basket ball, hurdle races, high jumps, feats of skill and strength, athletic competitions of all kinds are having the right of way today. We talk about them with kindling eyes. They form the staple of our breakfast table discussions. Everybody reads the reports in the newspapers, everybody rushes to see the games, everybody praises, criticizes, shouts for gladness or groans for vexation, according as the people he or she cares for lose or win.

We are more and more glorifying athletics. To hear us, one would fancy that our universities existed, not to make scholars, but to send forth runners and racers and champions in the football field. The old prowess of knights armed cap-a-pie, who met in tilt and tournament in the middle ages, is at present transferred to the gymnasium and the open plain, where well matched parties contend in stubborn fight.

Mr. Carnegie has put himself on record as on the whole, discounting athletics in favor of scholarship. It was time that somebody took this ground, for though sport and recreation have their place, they are by no means all of life.

First and foremost, they are often overdone. The young man whose splendid development of chest and muscle, whose various achievements are so extraordinary, sometimes uses up his physical capital too lavishly. His heart is unequal to the strain put on it. The strength that should have sufficed for a lifetime is drained by the continual exertions that are incidental to athletic doing, and on occasion it gives out. In the long run the athlete of college days is not the strong man of middle life, and an athletic youth is no pledge of old age.

A sound mind in a sound body was the ideal of the ancients. It is what we most need to meet the demands of the moderns.

A weak, sickly, effete body that can endure no stress of weather, that is like a house out of repair, with falling chimneys and leaking roof, is to be regarded as a great misfortune. It is more than a calamity. Always it is an embarrassment. Often it is a sin. Those who come into the world with inherited tendencies to disease may triumph over them if they will use the means and live by hygienic rules. Air, exercise, food, sleep, are the remedies Nature provides against feebleness and frailty. Nobody should be ill who can help it, and much can be done to help it in most cases. We may be well if we choose.

Over-exercise is as perilous as none at all. The strongest swimmer may

abuse his skill. The swiftest runner may run too far.

Athletics have superseded to some extent, in some places, the respectable and less exciting business of working around the house and dooryard. The sons of the family, lads between 15 and 20, used to do the daily chores, fill the tanks that called for strenuous pumping, drive the lawn mower, chop the wood, groom the horses and weed the garden. They still lead a hand when the family finances compel them to do so, but as money is more plentiful than once, it is less and less the fashion for boys and young men to be serviceable about the home. They do not see the necessity. Economy is not a popular virtue. The sons of the family, lads between 15 and 20, used to do the daily chores, fill the tanks that called for strenuous pumping, drive the lawn mower, chop the wood, groom the horses and weed the garden. They still lead a hand when the family finances compel them to do so, but as money is more plentiful than once, it is less and less the fashion for boys and young men to be serviceable about the home. They do not see the necessity. Economy is not a popular virtue. The sons of the family, lads between 15 and 20, used to do the daily chores, fill the tanks that called for strenuous pumping, drive the lawn mower, chop the wood, groom the horses and weed the garden. They still lead a hand when the family finances compel them to do so, but as money is more plentiful than once, it is less and less the fashion for boys and young men to be serviceable about the home. They do not see the necessity. Economy is not a popular virtue.

Few mothers entirely approve of the risks their sons take in sport. To bring your boy safely through the reefs and shoals of early childhood, through mumps and measles and chicken-pox and whooping cough, and then have him maimed and disfigured in football, is a heart-breaking performance. The boy, carried off the field with a broken knee cap, is buoyed up by the plaudits of his fellows, but in the dreary days on crutches, those plaudits will bring him little comfort. The accidents that march in the wake of athletics are appalling, and the mortifying reflection that they are to be set down on the balance sheet of life under the heading of absolute loss must come to most of us in candid moments.

Yet, the question has two aspects. Nobody wants his boy to be a mump, a coward, a Miss Betty. Every father and every mother must prefer to have sons who can hold their own, come what may. The value of athletic sport is in the training which gives coolness in the presence of danger, accuracy of aim, quickness of action. On the football field a man learns to obey; he learns the invaluable lesson to accept defeat without outcry. It is as honorable to be a good loser in the game, when loss is inevitable, as to be a winner. The main thing anyway in this world is to play the game fairly, in accordance with the rules, without meanness, or ill temper, or self-seeking.

To live cowering over the hearth, when there is manifold work to be done outside in the world, is to live ignominiously. Perhaps there must be a percentage of loss set over against every gain. Certainly nothing worth having is ever acquired without some sacrifice. Courage, fortitude, endurance, the basal characteristics of hero-

ism, may be learned in the practice of athletics. What the greatest universities foster and the preparatory schools recommend, it is not for the household to frown upon, without good reason.

A man in love with music declined to let his daughters learn to row, lest it should spoil the suppleness of their piano hands. A man who valued grace and symmetry stood squarely in the path of his sons through their childhood, lest they should get broken fingers, or enlarged thumb-joints from playing ball. For the reason that they might stumble on the ice, they were not permitted to learn to skate. In consequence, though they were, in the end, successful, they arrived at adolescence inferior in size, strength and fearlessness to others who had known the rough and tumble of life, and they had to make up as best they could for the drawback of a too tenderly nurtured juvenile career.

Athletics are here to stay. We owe it to our juniors to give them systematic training, in reason, just as we owe them the alphabet and all that follows after A, B, C. Our own children are not the only ones to whom we owe the physical training that comes from athletic sport. The under-sized, ill-fed, pallid children of the tenement, those to whom fortune has been a step-dance and whom nature has dowered stingily, look to us for a chance to improve their condition. No more gratifying sign of the times appears than in the social altruism which leads a college team to play against a neighborhood settlement team which brings the fellows who were born to the gutter to the field with as friends the fellows who were born to no spoon at all. The most gratifying phase of recent athletics is seen in the development of manly brotherhood which makes no account of rich or poor, but welcomes all good comrades to play the game.

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